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after another, without the power of fixing my attention on any. It was not till after two or three visits, that I could soberly and steadily address myself to the contemplation of the nobler works in the collection.

"It is the boast of the Museum at Madrid, that not only are all the other great schools of Art largely represented on its walls, but it possesses a most ample collection of the works of the Spanish masters: who, in their day, maintained an honorable rivalry with their brethren of Italy, and whose full merit cannot be known to those who have never visited Spain. The place is made glorious with the works of the gentle and genial Murillo, whose best productions, spiritual without being highly intellectual, and therefore not reaching the highest dignity, like those of Raphael, have yet a beauty of coloring which Raphael never attained. There are sixty-four paintings by Velasquez, fifty-eight by Ribera, eighteen by Juanes, fourteen by Zubarran, and eighty by Alonso Cano. I was astonished, after this, to find the walls of one long room almost covered with the works of Rubens, sixty-two in number, some of them in his noblest style, and others in his more vulgar and sprawling manner. In another quarter, I was lost among the Titians, for Titian dwelt and painted year after year at the Court of Spain. Paul Veronese is here in a magnificence almost equal to that in which he appears at Venice. Here, too, are some very fine. Guidos among the Sicilian paintings which bear his name. There are ten pictures by Raphael, in his different styles, and among them is one called "The Astonishment of Sicily," *Lo Spasimo di Sicilia*, which is deemed the pride of the Museum. It represents the Saviour sinking under the weight of his Cross, while near him, are several women agitated with pity, and starting forward involuntarily to his relief. The painter has chosen the moment at which Christ uttered the words: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me," etc. The action and expression of the picture are marvellously fine, but the coloring is most extraordinary; a hot, red glare lies on the figures, like the light from a furnace. Vandyck has twenty-two pictures in the Museum, some of them very noble ones, and of Teniers there were more than I had patience to count, large and small; some of them were his attempts in the heroic style, and ludicrous enough. Several of the finest landscapes of Claude Lorraine are in this Museum.

"A small part of one of the halls is occupied with Spanish pictures of the present day, which seem as if placed there on purpose to heighten, by the effect of contrast, the spectator's admiration for the works of the past ages. They look like bad French pictures, painted in the time of David, though among them are two or three respectable portraits. I wonder how, with such examples before him, as the Museum contains, an artist can suffer himself to paint in this manner. Of landscapes by Spanish painters, I do not recollect one in all the Museum, though the landscape parts of some of Murillo's pictures seem to me to have all the grace and freedom of his figures. There is a Spanish landscape painter, however, Villamil, whose works I have heard commended; but an American gentleman told me the other day, that they were not such as he would care to bring home with him. There is no wonder that there should be so little landscape painting where there is so little country life, as in Spain."

After this description of a monument of Madrid, a Spanish description of an American monument, taken from the *Musical World*, will not be deemed out of place.

The following extract of a letter from one of the travelling party of our honored and beloved Mr. Bryant will be read, we are sure, with interest by the readers of the *Musical World*.

"MADRID, November 17, 1837.

"Dear Mr. W.: I think it is a pity that such a glorification of Mr. Bryant as appeared in a late Spanish newspaper should be unknown to his friends and admirers at home. I have, therefore, translated it—poorly, I confess, but sufficiently well, I trust, for your entertainment. At the same time, it may give you an idea of the complimentary lan-

guage used by the press in announcing the arrival of distinguished strangers in Madrid.

"As the Spaniard says, 'I place it at your disposal: it is yours'—give it a corner in the *Musical World*, send it to the *Evening Post*, or lose it among your papers, *ad libitum*. A pretty poetess has taken possession of Mr. Bryant, and at her house we meet, informally, almost every evening, the most distinguished men in Spain—authors, ministers, politicians, etc., who seem eager to know and pay reverence to the American poet. His table is filled with copies of the works which they daily send him."

[From *La Discussion*.]

William Cullen Bryant, one of the greatest poets of the age, and undoubtedly the first among the Anglo-American poets, has arrived in Madrid.

It is impossible to see this person without feelings of the deepest affection and respect. His face, whose long beard has that soft whiteness that light hair lends to age in the north, wears a certain expression that is only to be met with in beings equally endowed with genius and sensibility. There is in his sweet smile a slight tinge of bitterness, which reveals at once the struggle that goodness and wisdom have always sustained with malice and ignorance. There is something sad in his look, which shows the martyrdom of a spirit launched into the midst of the material enterprises of this manufacturing and commercial age.

The poems of Mr. Bryant might be classed with those of Rioja. They are few in number, and all are of the first order. The nobleness of his thoughts, the truth of his descriptions, the delicacy and tenderness of his affections, are only equalled by Rioja.

Welcome to our country be this son of the New World, and God grant that these climes, where his active intelligence comes to seek new impressions, may be propitious.

THAT compact expressiveness, which is so characteristic of Tennyson, is not better comparatively shown than in the following instance. In "Locksley Hall," he writes—

"Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The poet is Dante in the famous episode of Francesca di Rimini in the Inferno. Take Carey's version—

"No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand."

Byron strove hard and acknowledges he was satisfied, when he rendered it—

"The greatest of all woes  
Is to remind us of our happy days  
In misery."

Leigh Hunt tried the same way, and it resulted in—

"There is no greater sorrow

\* \* \*

Than calling to mind joy in misery."

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE PLANT HUNTERS; or, *Adventures among the Himalayas*. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

Capt. Reid has a power of interesting even an adult reader, for he writes graphically. For such a writer it needs nothing but superior drawings to assist the imagination of the reader. To encumber his narrative with miserably scrawls may amuse a boy, that is satisfied with the semblance of a picture, but nothing more. The boys deserve to have better illustrations of Capt. Reid's books, than have yet been given them, and the publisher's liberality will not long delay them, we trust. But a few, and those good, gentlemen!